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MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. ABIGAIL GOODRICH,

LATE OF

WINCHESTER, CONN.

HARTFORD:

Printed by John Russell, for the Publisher.

1829.

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INTRODUCTION.

The design of this short memoir is to preserve a few of the writings of Mrs. Abigail Goodrich, daughter of Grinnell and Abigail Spencer, of Winchester, Connecticut. The subject of these remarks was born March 24, 1801; her parents gave her a good common school education, and taught her in early life to reverence and obey them, observe the holy Sabbath, and keep the commandments of God, which she strictly adhered to, as a dutiful daughter and affectionate and tender companion and consistent christian, until the day of her death. She also received the benefit of the united prayers of her parents, especially her dear mother, who was called away by death, to leave her affectionate companion and six daughters, to mourn the loss of a fond mother. After she committed her dear companion and children to the care and keeping of a holy God, and resigning her beloved children to the care and charge of their affectionate father, she then joyfully and calmly sunk into the arms of death, with glory in her view. The youngest of her six daughters, in a few weeks, followed her to the grave, and her spirit to the abodes of immortal bliss, being about two and a half years old; five daughters were still left to make their way across the sea of life, bereft of their fond mother. Here let me add, the prayers of their departed mother were answered in the conversion of her second daughter, about six months after her death, her oldest having experienced religion about three years previous. About two years and a half from this time, the gladsome news of salvation reached the hearts of her third and fourth daughters. Abigail was one of the two, being about thirteen years of

age. Here we see the benefit of praying parents, although they may have long been mouldering in their native dust; yet their prayers are often answered and realized by their children and surviving relatives and friends; yes, blessed be such children who can call to mind their dying advice and counsel, as a way mark to lead them forward in the divine life, and finally lead them safely through the meandering scenes of this mortal life, and at last home to God. O how important to train up children for Heaven, for usefulness here, for happiness beyond the grave! O what a weighty responsibility rests upon parents! Would to God they could or would feel the importance of their charge, while they have them around them here; but alas! alas! what awful neglect will eternity unfold to view, when summoned before the bar of God, when children will rise up in judgment against them. Parents, parents, it will then be too late; alas! you must then feel the force of your awful neglect. I do not know how to leave the subject; it brings to my recollection the dying advice of my own dear mother to me. As a dying man, let me exhort you to bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; watch over them and, see that you do not grant them any indulgence that will tend to limit their usefulness here, or finally lead them to miss of heaven and eternal happiness at last.

Her letters, and many of her writings, I have been under the necessity of omitting, to save time and expense; this work is designed principally for her relatives and friends; it is well known by all her acquaintance who knew her cares and employment, that she could not have had but very little time for writing or studying. Thus we see she lost no time in making all necessary preparations for death and eternal judgment, which she was so soon to realize.

Winchester, March 24th, 1829.

Winchester, May 10, 1823.

The interesting passage which declares, that "by grace are ye saved, which is the gift of God," I have heard this day enlarged upon by brother B. stating that salvation implies a happy release from a state of suspense, difficulty, remorse; inferring also that grace had rescued us from an opening gulf to a state of happiness and joy. O, what mercy has extended to mortal man while lying in a state of wretchedness and ruin? her bleeding arms are wide extended to enclasp a mass of guilty mortals, to convey them to a fountain of living waters, where they may experience the renovating power of life and love divine. In class meeting we had a time of some improvement; there I had the privilege of manifesting my desires for holiness of heart. I here did tell my brothers and sisters in the Lord, it was my earnest prayer that by grace I might persevere until I gained a full redemption through the blood of Jesus. There I said I viewed holiness to be an inestimable treasure, and I bless the Lord he often inspires my soul with an ardent desire to become the possessor of vital holiness. How sweet my meditations on the things of God; often is my mind elated aloof from the things of earth, and again I view my evil heart with so many risings of unholy passions, I ask myself if I am not deceived? If my constant peace and improved views are not imaginary? The spirit of the Lord, I trust, enables me to say, no, my Father, it is the blessed spirit which co-operates with the better feelings of my soul, and causes this joy in meditation, and delight in thy courts; this willingness to suffer for Jesus; it affords an interesting light

upon thy word, with a mild confidence in Heaven. O, my Father, on thy will I cast my care. Save, O save me from my inbred foes, and from the fowler's snare. ABIGAIL SPENCER.

Sabbath Evening, May 18.

This afternoon have been again to a third meeting with the sons and daughters of Zion; where brother Field proclaimed the gospel as God's plan of saving souls, stating its glorious success from the days of our Lord's ascension until the present time. With this my mind concurs, that this vain dress and show is of no avail; the day will soon come when it will be realized. O, my God, thy goodness has been great unto me, and how shall I praise thee as I ought for all thy goodness to me as a dependant being; for all the blessings I enjoy. A. S.

Sabbath Morning.

Another holy Sabbath morning has ushered in, on which I behold the rising glories of the sun beams reflecting their gilded rays upon this vast hemisphere, renewing the face of nature by its warming influence. Again I view the cheering rays of heavenly love operating upon a more interesting subject, the faculties of the human mind. Thus while the cheering beams of the Son of Righteousness overshadows the kingdoms of men, it enervates my soul with an increasing sense of his continuing goodness, united with a kind of heavenly joy and transport, while we mingle with the busy multitude in this vale of tears.

A. S.

The Sea of Life.

Thus days, weeks, months and years, in quick succession glide away, and like a whirlwind roll me

down the tide of time. I want the oar of grace to guide my feeble bark along the raging billows of this tempestuous sea of life, and when I front the steep of death, then, O then, my Father, God, uphold me by thine Almighty hand till I with Jordan's waves shall meet and safely cross. Then let me firmly cast my anchor on the green turfed garden of the heavenly Jerusalem. I am but a worm of the dust, I sink to nothing, while my mind retraces the different spheres of the glories of the upper world. A. S.

Thursday Evening, July 1, 1823.

For three days past my mind has been much occupied in secular concerns, which would have been as well had my mind been employed far more in those things which would have been calling it to a spiritual improvement; but this evening while my brothers and sisters are united in the social worship of Christ their Saviour, my mind has felt the influence of the gentle flame of Jesus' love, which raises my soul with praise and sweet rapturous joy. O how my soul delights to know and feel a Saviour's love; but I want my heart enlarged to realize its beauty. O, my Father, into thy hands do I desire to commit my all; protect me from the ensnarements of vice and vanity, and help me to live more watchful and prayerful, more devoted to thy service, and more exemplary than I ever have been, that my Saviour may be glorified in all my daily walk and conversation. A. S.

Winchester, July 23, 1828.

Another Sabbath day is about to close, and I have gained another Sabbath day's journey toward the heavenly Canaan of everlasting rest. O, with smiling gratitude I can pen down the feelings of my

heart as favorable to the prosperity of Jesus, lover of my soul. This day I have heard the gospel explained by brother M. from these words, "let us therefore lay aside every wait, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run the race that is set before us."

He clearly pointed out the many waits which beset our way, such as slander, hatred, envy and revenge; of late I have thought much on these subjects. The information I received to-day strengthened my opinion, and with brother M. did I agree. O, may the Lord help me to perform my duty, as one actuated by the spirit of grace; I have felt an increasing union with my brothers and sisters of late, and I pray the Lord to bless their souls abundantly. O, my Father, thou seest my besetments, which are many; I feel the necessity of maintaining a fixed resolution to perform every known duty, bearing my cross, reproving in the spirit of meekness, bearing reproaches with mildness and compassion, always striving to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation. O that I may be preserved from sin, that I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour, from day to day, that I may be able to urge my way through difficulties and dangers till life shall close, and find an eternal rest from sin and sorrow, from toil and pain. O glorious rest, I long to gain it, but I wait the will of my God until he shall call me home. O then may I be prepared to leap with joy into the bright world of glory, where angels dwell, and where my loving Jesus reigns; in view of that rest, how small the world appears; of how little consequence it is how much we suffer here below. O for more humility in prosperity, and patience in adversity; O for a single eye to the honor and glory of God, that I may daily live in the enjoy-

ment of religion, and communion, and fellowship of Jesus, who is my only strength.

Lord how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so quick away,
Their souls are ever bright as noon
And calm as summer evenings are.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

ABIGAIL SPENCER.

August 31.

I again behold the blest morn on which the Lord arose, and brought salvation to fallen man ; the thought awakes in me a stronger desire for holiness, with an increasing sense of the goodness and mercy of God. My mind traces his vast dominions with supreme delight, and on every surrounding object I view the peculiar blessing of heaven. O what a field of pleasure for the soul who delights in celestial joys, whose desires are centered in heaven, and

whose affections are placed there. Alas, I am too prone to wander from the good and right way, yet a ray of celestial love often elates my mind and raises it from the minor joys of earth, and causes my soul to expand with praise to my Redeemer. A. S.

September 10, 1823.

O what hath Jesus bought for me
Before my ravish'd eyes.

Blessings of his love he holds out for unworthy me; I want that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart; which claims the precious promises of God. Blessings, that I may experience the fullness of a Saviour's love. I mourn when I attempt to feed on vanity and husks; I want to feed on that hidden manna with full satisfaction. O Saviour, bless me, and fill my soul with the fullness of thy love,

That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast. A. S.

February 11.

Day after day flies away, and I am yet spared in health while many others are laid low in the silent tomb. Why is so vile a worm as I am so highly favored, while my dear fellow creatures are placed on beds of languishing, racked with severe pains and perishing disease. O, it is but the wisdom of that God who does all things well; his astonishing grace, his unbounded goodness is vast and unseen; we can only hope and wonder at the events of providence. May I, Lord, be ever found submissive, though afflictions press me sore. A. S.

September 21.

The hope of the righteous is glorious, but the ex-

pectations of the wicked perisheth. This is a truth, and will stand while ages on ages roll away; yea, to all eternity; and why will we not believe the words which proceed out of the mouth of the Lord? Why do we not believe, and tremble, while we are exposed to be crushed by his mighty nod? O, the hardness of the heart, the blindness of the mind veils the understanding, and drives the guilty culprit to rest in the dungeon of procrastination, till many are seized by the huge monster, and are swallowed up in shame, confusion, and everlasting misery and torment, where they must feel the gnawing of that worm that never dies, and that flame that is never quenched.

A. S.

Winchester, Jan. 15, 1825.

In all the various changes in human life I am yet spared secure; one year since, the Lord's hand was laid heavily upon me, but the Lord alone giveth support. With much gratitude I hope ever to remember his loving kindness to me, who supported me in affliction and distress, and even when this world seemed confused, eternity opened to my view, with all its realities; and shall I ever forget to praise the Lord for the joy and comfort I received, when expecting soon to launch into eternity? Nay, I hope to praise him till I gasp my latest breath, and in a long eternity sound the praise of my Redeemer.—With solemn interest can I retrace divine goodness through the days of the past year; from a bed of sickness I have been gloriously restored to sound health, and never before have I enjoyed the comforts of life so much sweetened with the immediate benificence of my heavenly Father; daily feeling a steady confidence in God, ready to give a reason of the hope that is within me, joyfully anticipating immortal hap-

piness beyond the grave ; often does the idea give my soul a spring for heaven, and shall I while in expectation of that glorious rest, shudder at the cross, or forbear to dispise the shame ? O, shall I be indifferent in such a cause as this, while my eternal happiness depends on my faithfulness ? O, for gratitude to constantly diffuse her benignant rays over every faculty and power of my soul, and be moved by grace to act as in the fear of the holy God.

ABIGAIL SPENCER.

May 7, 1825.

The Lord has been merciful to me for many months past, while I have been much involved with the world, and suffered my mind to be much excited by its vanities ; He has been mindful of me, though I have deserved his displeasure ; He has ever shown himself merciful to me ; His goodness will, I trust, ever inspire me with confidence to trust in his mercy, in all the various and changing scenes of this mortal life. A. S

Winchester, June 4th, 1825

During the time which has elapsed since I wrote, my anxieties have been numerous, and what shall I now say ? I must say, to the grief of my soul, that for the indulgence of vanity I have resisted the sweet strivings of the spirit of grace, and thereby robbed myself of many blessings. Indeed, the christian life is a constant warfare, for I need to be watchful, lest the enemy of my soul should flatter me from the right path. Though I have fightings without, and fears within, yet the Lord is always the same to deliver the godly out of temptation ; therefore I have nothing to fear as long as I trust his goodness and do my duty ; but O my backwardness to believe, my unwil-

lingness to bare my cross—O, shall such a sinful dependant worm like me expect to get to Heaven on flowery beds of ease? I cannot, I must not expect it; sure, I must fight, if I would reign with Christ in glory. Increase my courage, Lord, and though through deep waters I am called to go, the floods cannot me overflow while I trust in thee. O, help me to struggle on my way to heaven, and when the tide of adversity rages against my little bark, help me to endure with patience; and when wafted by the gales of prosperity, let a sense of thy loving kindness impress my whole soul, that I may not forget thee, O my merciful preserver.

ABIGAIL SPENCER.

June 30, 1825.

Only to the praise of my dear Lord and for a testimony of the truth of his word and promises do I write; for the tongue of an angel cannot tell his goodness, or express his loving kindness; when I arose this morning, I reflected upon the goodness of my faithful preserver, and my soul was made to praise him for his great mercy. I feel that I ought to be banished from his face and presence; yet his fatherly hand hath preserved me until another Sabbath morning in health. During the morning I strove to pray the Lord to keep my mind on heavenly and divine things; sometimes I rejoiced, at others I mourned because I did not feel that liberty I desired; yet I felt the Lord was working on my soul, and I would submit my case to him. I then found peace in trusting in him, and doing my duty; it has been profitable to my soul. This day I heard the encouraging exhortations of brother Osborn; it animated my soul in class meeting. I was attended with the presence of the Lord, which wafted my happy soul toward the

heavenly Jerusalem; I can say with joy and gladness, my soul has often been fed in class meeting; yes, blessed be the name of my God. A. S.

July 4, 1825.

This is the day on which America declared her Independence. What cause for gratitude and thanksgiving from each heart. Beloved Columbia triumphs; once bound in chains of bloody tyranny, but now veiled in peace and harmony—with sword and patriotic zeal, did our ancestors move forward, and sacrificed their lives on the altar of freedom; yea, our seaport towns and villages will ever bear the bloody impress of the price of Freedom. Under these existing facts, should we not be ungrateful children, if we were not mindful to maintain it, and pay our vows to Him, through whose mercy and gracious benediction, we enjoy the present era? A. S.

Winchester, [*Birth Day*,] *March* 24, 1826.

Twenty-five years of this short life are past, and while I consider, I behold each year crowned with innumerable blessings from the hand of my Heavenly Father. Instead of reflecting back upon a life well spent in the service of God, I have much cause to mourn for my youthful follies; eleven years since, the Lord converted my soul—blind unbelief, which is sure to err, has been my greatest besetment; the vanities of the world, the pride of my heart, have been too much the operative principle of my conduct. Had I devoted myself wholly to the cause of God, since I first espoused it, I could now reflect back with admiration, and a spirit of grateful praise to a kind Saviour, and attainments of divine knowledge which through my unfaithfulness I am not privileged to realize; but blessed be the Lord of my salvation, his loving spirit has not left me.

I trust, though I have so often grieved its tender influence—and by yielding to its influences have sometimes enjoyed a heavenly breeze which wafted my soul onward towards the Canaan of everlasting rest—that I am sensible there is substantial enjoyment for the humble follower of Jesus. I am confident it is his blessed privilege to enjoy a growing prospect of heaven and holiness from day to day.—I find a vacancy within, which needs to be supplied by the sanctifying grace of God, nor can I expect to reach my high privilege, without fullness in a Saviour's love, and it is a great presumption indeed, to think of gaining heaven without holiness, and why do I neglect to give myself a willing subject of his grace to bear the cross after my crucified Lord, during a short pilgrimage, which will soon close, and if faithful to the grace already given, will end in joy and triumph? If twenty-five years more, or twice twenty-five, be added to my life, I humbly hope and pray, that resignation and quiet submission to the will of heaven may mark the tenor of my life. I hope if I am spared to realize another anniversary of my birth day, to enjoy it with higher hopes and brighter prospects of heaven and holiness than at present.

Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

A. S.

Winchester, April 10, 1826.

How manifold are thy blessings unto me, O my God; unnumbered comforts crown my days, and

peaceful visions oft associate with my evening slumbers: The rapturous joys of the religion of Jesus are inexpressible, and unknown to a giddy world; and, O my Saviour, I want to feel a constant indwelling of thy love, for I am a pilgrim in a benighted vale, without the illumination of thy free grace.—How can I know the fulness of thy love, without cross-bearing and self-denial? And how can I wisely act amidst my woldly associations and engagements, without the direct aid of thy wisdom? May the Lord assist and prosper me in my undertakings, and render me more useful in future life.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
In visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

Indeed, the theme of Jesus' love is interesting and sublime, and while thy blessings are multiplied to me, I desire to bear some humble part in praising and adoring thy goodness; my views are too contracted to realize the wide expandings of thy goodness, but while thy good spirit kindly draws me after thee, and sheds its enlivening rays in this poor heart of mine, how can I refrain from speaking good of the name of the Lord? How can I refrain from sounding hallelujah, to God and the Lamb, with the happy prospect of praising him ever more? O, my Saviour, ever

keep me near thy bleeding side, and more firmly establish me in thy cause, by cleaving to thy sanctifying grace, from day to day.

ABIGAIL SPENCER.

May 6.

To write of the precious love of Jesus, will, I trust, be a means of improvement; and while it diffuses its raptures through my soul, may I have some evidence of its smiling joy. My soul is drawn out in praise and thanksgiving to my heavenly Father for his condescending love to man. For some weeks past my mind has been in an interesting frame of praise; my dear Lord has been the joy of my soul, and often I feel to exclaim, Oh, that men would praise the Lord; and well may the Lord be praised for his goodness until it overspreads the wide creation, for his mercy endureth forever. O may I confidently trust in the Lord, and by his wisdom be directed through all the vicissitudes of this mortal life, and when I am summoned away from this earth with all its strong ties, O may I be resigned; my breath be praise, my life recede with shouts of triumph, and with holy joy hail the blest Canaan of rest. My soul gladly anticipates the day; yes, I will praise the Lord, for he is precious; O may I love and serve him with my whole heart, and may every power be in conformity to his will. A. S.

June 18, 1826.

During the last two months I have been constrained to render praise and adoration to the Lord of life and glory, for his loving kindness unto me, though I have unfaithful been; yet the precious love of Jesus, the King-suffering Son of God, has often shed its smiling rays into my soul, and given me to anticipate immortal joys. I am thankful; I will praise the Lord for his goodness to me. To express the

love of Jesus, I cannot, for it is boundless; yea, my soul doth soar aloft to worlds of light and glory; I feel, I know I am but a worm of the dust, but heaven smiles and my soul is happy; yes, even now I am happy beyond expression—and my thirst is for more. O come, my Saviour, and fill me with thy sanctifying influence and love, which alone can make me happy here below, and prepare me for glory and immortal happiness beyond the grave. But, O God, only by thy grace shall I stand; may I not grow weary in well doing, but grow in grace every day of my pilgrimage journey through life. A. S.

Barkhamsted, January 1, 1827.

Another anniversary of the New Year has arrived, and my life is yet prolonged, for what, Heaven only knows; but his goodness I will adore, while I retrace his loving kindness and his tender care over me through the momentous events of the last year. I feel that I can say I have enjoyed more of the life and spirit of religion, than in any year of my life before, for which I hope to praise the Lord with my latest breath. I am still favoured with sweet intimations of his love; to-day I have again been favoured with the privilege of class meeting; I felt my soul animated to hear the new-born babes of Zion lisping forth Immanuel's praise. My soul expands with love and praise to my heavenly Father. I enjoy a prospect of a brighter world of rest and glory, and glory be to his holy name, for what he has graciously prepared for mortals. O may I live more faithful the few remaining moments or days of my life—and if my life closes with the present year, amen—may grace divine support me; may I go triumphant, and happy in Jesus' love.

Abigail Goodrich.

Barkhamsted, March 1, 1823.

My Beloved Husband:

In your absence, I have no associate; and to relieve my mind of anxious fears of your success, I unburthen my mind by writing. Last night I retired, and until about midnight I lay in deep and silent thought on the mutual union existing between us, which binds with stronger cords than earth can break, but when the dread foe, death, shall come, to rend the strong united tie, O, who can endure the stroke but he whose confidence is in God, and his strength in the Rock of ages. I rejoice that in your absence my Bible is my companion, and its author my associate. My mind roams over some retired vale, where I fancy to see you depressed with fatigue, or fallen by the hand of misfortune—and my dearest earthly friend, if our way be marked through a dark and thorny way, I hope we shall not repine, for our pilgrimage is short, and when this life of pain shall cease, may heaven grant that we may be prepared to inherit the saint's eternal rest.

Abigail Goodrich.

Barkhamsted, June, 1823.

RESIGNATION,

The smiling boon of mortal's bliss, in adverse scenes here below—though fortune frown, the soul that trusts her God, leans securely on his arm of strength with enraptured soul, is wafted aloof from scenes of nature with the illustrious prospect of heavenly day. To be resigned, rather than repine, is our greatest wisdom, our highest reason. For dependant mortals to complain of the just allotments of supreme benevolence, how unkind, how ungrateful, and how indifferent to the obligations of our interest. Let sweet submission be our guest in life's changing

forms, and fear nor distrust, will never disturb our course, but in the strength of a kind safeguard, gain the port of perennial day.

[The few following lines my dear companion wrote while I was gone on business to Plymouth and Waterbury, in this State. While I was gone I was violently taken with the cholera morbus; it was however, quelled in about four or five hours, by the force of medicine, after suffering much for so short a time; my Abigail, however, did not know it until I returned, and after relating my illness unto her, she with all the tenderness and sympathy of a beloved, presented me with these lines, with tears in her eyes.]

I walk, I talk, I am alone,
My mind to Plymouth oft doth roam;
I fancy there my husband dear,
Pale and fatigued with many a care.
But soon these cares of toil and strife
Will close the suffering scenes of life;
May we to brighter realms then go,
To share the blissful joys that flow.

ABIGAIL GOODRICH.

Winchester, August, 1828.

DEAR MRS. COUCH.

Lest I should not see you at present, I will send you a line to remind you of a continued friendship, which I trust will not be forgotten, though of limited cultivation. I am informed that it is possible you will leave the village before we go to the west; be that as it may, I hope you will be situated so as to spend the remainder of your days agreeably, and to the benefit of those around you. Should we be stationed many miles from you, I think we never should forget each other's kindnesses, and also those of our friends and neighbors in Barkhamsted. My health

is reasonably good ; a visit from you I expect. Please remember me to Miss Ransom, and all inquiring friends. A line from you without fail.

Yours, &c. ABIGAIL GOODRICH.

Mrs. ABIGAIL COUCH.

Here let me say, though with feelings I cannot describe, ends the writings of my best earthly friend, my much beloved Abigail. Yes, that dear friend, in whose breast I could unbosom all my mind with perfect freedom and safety, one who could unite with me in the worship of God, and in all my joys and pity, my sorrows and pain—in a word, I can say she richly possessed all the endearing qualities which constitutes a worthy companion, a beloved daughter, an affectionate sister, an endearing friend and acquaintance.

A brief account of the state of her mind from her sickness, which she refers to in her Diary January 15, 1815, down to the close of her life.

Not far from the time she experienced religion, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church ; and from that time lived a faithful member, until the day of her death. This fact you can learn from her own pen ; she always conformed to the rules of the discipline of the church, and lived a life of self-denial and prayer. It was her meat and her drink to do her Saviour's will in all things, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and aspiring after true holiness, without which she never expected to enjoy the bliss of heaven. A free salvation and full redemption in Jesus Christ was her firm belief ; that for this she strove, was abundantly evident to all who knew her christian character and worth. To meet her class was her delight ; there to bear testi-

mony in favor of her Saviour's religion, which is manna to the humble soul. Yes, glory to God in the highest, for this testimony of his saints on earth, and their triumph in death.

I have the testimony of my dear companion, relative to her sufferings about 4 years ago, when she expected to have been released from her severe bodily pain and suffering by death; this trial of her faith was about two years before our connection by marriage; she has often said to me since that time, she was ready and willing to go, and was often struck with wonder and surprise at her recovery, when she so much expected to receive her discharge and go home to God.

When we were about to take upon us the solemn obligations of holy matrimony, we were fully sensible it was the most interesting connection that could exist in human life; therefore we never had any reason at all to say we entered upon it thoughtlessly or indifferently. No, we felt our cause and interest to be united in one, and our joys and our sorrows. Under this view of the subject, we joined our hands and interests together as a pledge which the ordinance required, and one which we mutually felt, for often it was remarked, as sure as this tie was formed, it must be broken.

Here let me add a part of a letter which she addressed to me on this subject in answer to one I wrote, to confirm what I have stated.

Winchester, April 22, 1826.

Dear Sir,

The sanguine ties of friendship often binds the hearts of mortals together by uniting self interest, and self interest to increase as well as corroborate a mutual union. While I have been reflecting upon a future connection between yourself and me, I view-

ed it so congenial to the nature of religion, that it seems one proves an assistant to the other. I feel thereby to rely on divine wisdom for direction, without which I can never act aright. The similarity of our views relative to religion and religious principles, I trust, will tend to increase our exertions for usefulness, as well as render our attachment more strong, if we combine all the christian graces with our domestic happiness in future life. Whatever may be our future fortune, let the pure spirit of religion be the ruling principle of our conduct, that we may be ever ready to bear testimony of the cause of Christ, and resignedly yield to the summons heaven shall send to call us thence.

ABIGAIL SPENCER.

We commenced house-keeping as soon as we were married, and commenced family worship on the first evening, by reading this passage of Scripture. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—But here I have to say, with regret, my business and cares were such, that I too often neglected this important duty. My business drove me so that I could not be regular at my meals, nor could I frequently get my affairs settled so as to retire to rest before twelve o'clock. Notwithstanding our deprivations, our Bible was our companion; by the blessing attending the reading of the word of God, and meditating upon his goodness in our retired hours, we were enabled to defeat the tempter's snare. We often conversed on death, and a separation between us, although it often caused the tear of affection to flow, yet we would mingle our tears together and say, although this examination is painful, yet it is profitable to bring death so near us; for O, the prospect which heaves in view of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, where parting shall never more dis-

turb our peaceful breasts, we can then shout redeeming love and triumphant grace to our Redeemer for ever and ever, who has washed us and redeemed us with his most precious blood. When thus elated aloof from this world and its vain honors, she would break forth in language to this effect—O, how can those companions who are connected for life, who are strangers to the religion of Jesus Christ, live month after month, and year after year, without making any preparation for death, or ever entering into conversation respecting a separation, which must take place between them in this world, and by this neglect, to be sentenced to everlasting wo, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

About a year before her death, she was brought near to the grave; her mind was still calm and composed, cheerfully submitting to the will of her heavenly Father in all things, willing to suffer affliction with the people of God, for she had respect unto the recompense of reward. With these feelings, she approached to the closing scene of life. When about four weeks previous to her death, she was attacked with erysipeles or scrofulous humours, and attended with extreme pain, which set her into general convulsions and deprived her of her reason. One day the scene was very distressing and alarming—she however recovered, and was about again until a week before her death. Not far from this time, viewing her case dangerous, I reminded her of the many conversations, we had formerly had on the subject of death, and a separation between us. I remarked, you have often said you have enjoyed your mind better these two last years that are past, than you ever did before; do you still retain those views? To which she replied, "Yes, I do; and I can say my prospect grows brighter and brighter, though my affliction and distress is great. Yet I am willing to suf-

fer all my Master's will here below ; this world is of but little consequence to me ; it is all of a fading and transitory nature ; but blessed be God, I have treasure in Heaven, that will endure forever." I then asked her what was the most painful for her to give up. She replied, " it is painful for me to go and leave my best friend." Giving me her hand, she again said, " O how can I leave you, my dear husband, to wander through this vale of tears alone ?" You must guess at our feelings, reader, for I am entirely unable to express them. After recovering from the deep excitement of feeling which this heart-rending subject occasioned, she said, " I see no terrors in the grave ; my passage looks peaceful and pleasant to me." I then spoke, and said the Lord has been good to us ; he has raised us time and again from a bed of sickness to sound health ; therefore, my beloved companion, let us still trust in his mercy and goodness. Thus at a midnight hour we examined the precious promises of God, and prayed and wept together, till at length she became composed, and calmly said to me again, "the time will come, sooner or later, when we must be parted ; therefore I feel resigned to the will of God." A few days after this, I was sitting near her bed, she spoke to me, and said, " I am going." I stepped to the bed, and asked if she was faint. She replied, " No, I do not know as I shall go to-day, but I shall go soon ; your unwearied attention and kindness, and the skill of my physicians cannot all save me. No, I shall go soon ; the rugged waves of Jordon do not present any terrors to me ; but my soul is peaceful and happy." A short time after this conversation, she enquired of me what I was going to do with the little infant Babe. I told her I should let Mrs. Holmes, one of our neighbours, take care of it a few days, when I think you will be able to take care of it. "I do not know but I

shall, but I cannot realize it. I think it will be left on your hands, a motherless child. What will you do with it," she relplied again. I answered her, I cannot realize that you are going to leave me ; I can not be reconciled to part with you. O, the agony of my feelings—who can endure it? I wept aloud while she remained calm and composed, and said, be faithful to God, a little while longer, and we shall meet where parting shall never more disturb our happy union. The day before her death, she inclined to be drowsy and stupid, her strength failing at the same time : it was necessary to wake her often, to prevent her from sleeping so long as to exhaust her ; we wished to give her all the support she could bear. She became more and more drowsy, and would often say, "how drowsy I am." She appeared to be entirely free from pain ; every time I awoke her, she fixed her eyes on me and smiled. Once, as I leaned over the bed, to give her some medicine, she raised her mortal feeble dying arm and pressed my face to hers, and embraced me with a joyful smile. She took her leave of me, which spake in language like this. "Dry up your tears ; weep not for me, for I am happy ; yes, my passage looks peaceful and pleasant to me. O, blessed hope ! O, joyful hour ! I hail thee as my deliverer from this world of sin and misery."—Soon after this, she lost her speech, but appeared to retain her reason until her last; she gradually declined until five o'clock, P. M. on Saturday, September 13, 1828, in the Twenty-Eighth year of her age, when she fell asleep in the arms of death, without a groan, with a glorious immortality in her view, leaving me an infant babe, five days old, the only hope which I had left me of its fond mother. My hopes were soon blasted ; in about three weeks I had to part with it, and resigned it up to God who gave it.

BEREAVED HUSBAND.

A lonely stranger here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven ;
My friend is gone and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dreary tomb,
I have no home but Heaven.

Brother Daniel Coe, as a faithful minister of the gospel, called often to see us in our affliction, he being present, she requested him to sing this hymn.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high ;
Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain ;
I suffer on my one score year,
Till my deliverer comes,
And wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me
Before my ravished eyes !
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white
And conquering palms they bear.

O what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, thou count me meet

With that enraptuur'd host t' appear
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy, or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find my friends again
In that eternal day.

Rev. Daniel Coe, delivered a funeral discourse. from Hebrews, 4th Chapter, 9th verse.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

The parting Hymn.

My dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your company's sweet, your union's dear,
Your words delightful to my ear ;
But when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

O could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind ;
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

But since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while ;
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.

How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your griefs and fears ;
Your hearts with love I've seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
We seek for mansions in the skies ;

O seek his grace in all that land,
Well no more take the parting hand.

Dear christian friends both old and young.
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

I hope you'll all remember me,
If you no more on earth I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

O glorious day, O blessed hope,
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

A Hymn sung at the Grave.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he has said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day may demand shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The river of sorrow shall not overflow,
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through firey trials thy path-way shall lie.
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

Even down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sovereign eternal unchangeable love ;
And then when grey hairs shall their temples adorn.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame ;
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying.
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes ; it disappears!
Heaven opens on mine eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure!
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

There being a few blank pages left in this short work, which were necessary to be speedily filled out, or remain blank, I therefore have selected the following Address, under a full conviction of its merit, hoping all who have the privilege of reading it will listen to the instruction it contains.

AN ADDRESS

At the close of a Young Ladies' School, Simsbury, Conn. March 4th, 1829.

My Dear Pupils:—The time has at length arrived, which must close our labours and pursuits together; an event to which we all have probably looked with some regret, but which, in the order of Providence, becomes

necessary. Such is the destiny of all human combinations, and of all terrestrial things: they are only for a season; then they dissolve and come to an end.

In such a state of change, there is but one consolation that can alleviate the pangs we must often feel, and sustain us under the pressure of burdens inseparable from our lot—this is the consideration, that unerring wisdom controls these events; that he has the best good of his creatures in view. that the painful circumstances of life are a necessary discipline for the soul; and that they shall assuredly work for good to them that love God.

In reviewing the season we have passed together, we trace many particulars that call for gratitude to the Author of every blessing. Independent of the success which has attended your literary pursuits, I trust that it may be said of a number, individually, in reference to this place, "that soul was born there." Events of this nature must ever endear this season to your memory and hearts. The friendships you have formed in consequence, will not be like those of the world, dependant on circumstances that every change is liable to destroy; but, being founded on Christ, they will, I trust, remain inviolable through life, and finally be perfected in the regions of blessedness.

But it is my duty on this occasion, to adapt some advice to your particular situations. As material and intellectual beings, you have distinct interests to pursue; and it is of importance to understand these interests, that you may give to each its due attention. The common fault is to bestow too much on the body, to the neglect of the soul; and it is also possible, through a mistaken conception of the duties of religion to neglect the body. We should not treat with indifference any thing necessary to our temporal comfort; but should pursue and use such things in subordination to the interests of the soul.

The cultivation of your minds should be considered as a duty sacredly important; such it appears to me, that I doubt whether a person can grow in grace who neg-

lects the means of obtaining useful knowledge. With some of you, the seasons for attending school are nearly gone; but you are capable, by your own exertions, of making considerable advancement. I would urge you to pursue the studies to which you have attended the past season, and take up others in the order of their usefulness. Have confidence in your own powers. Believing that you can understand and do a thing, will be a very successful step towards its accomplishment. Let your leisure moments be occupied by some useful reading; thus you will gain much at little expense.

But there are other points on which I must say something, in view of which I can scarcely sustain my feelings, under a consciousness of my inability to present them before you in the light which their importance requires. I view you occupying a place in that department of life, which involves the happiness or misery of multitudes of your fellow beings. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the character and conduct of females, in the several relations of sister, daughter, wife, and mother, with other relations growing out of these, such as neighbor, teacher, adviser, member of social and religious society, have a greater influence on the community, than every thing else; and when I consider you as standing already in some of these relations, and as probable candidates for the others, my heart swells with solicitude, that finds relief only in supplication to God, to direct and support you in every period of your life.

You who have here made choice of religion, will probably find on a change of situation, considerable variety of feeling. You have yet scarcely had any exposure to temptation from the world, while you have mingled your prayers and praises, and been strengthened by daily intercourse together. Now you must pursue your calling alone; yet I hope not wholly alone, since I am happy to believe that most of you have pious friends to aid you. But though I hope much for you, I have also something to fear. You are yet unskilled in the Christian warfare. You may meet with enemies when you least expect them; and if off your guard, you will

become an easy prey. You will be in greater danger from flatteries than frowns: opposition is frequently the means of strengthening the soul, but flattery deceives and then destroys. If you are willing to be known as the decided friends of religion, you will succeed without much difficulty; but it will be expected that your conduct correspond with the declaration; let it be evinced by the sweetness of your disposition, and the meekness and kindness of your conduct towards all around you. Ever be willing to take advice that is given for your good; and beware of censuring any whose views and practice differ from your own; should they in fact be wrong, remember the religion you profess requires you to forgive, to pity, and pray for them. You may have youthful associates, whose company it will be hard to relinquish, and whose influence it will be difficult to withstand; but, though I would not have you yield to them in any sinful course, yet I would not have you treat them with neglect or indifference. To them, in a particular manner, you owe the duty of endeavoring to persuade them to go with you; and if you cannot succeed, commend them to God with feelings of the tenderest pity.

Your safety and prosperity will principally depend on your faithfulness in secret prayer. Let no day pass without attending to this duty, and, if possible, secure time in the morning, as that will prepare you for the business or trials of the day; and to prayer add the reading of the Bible. Ask, that you may understand it, and have grace to follow its dictates. Thus you will grow in grace and in knowledge, and be blessings to yourselves, to your friends, and to the world. And here I would conclude in the fond hope of living to see, or at least to hear, that you answer the high anticipation of my wishes; but it may not be amiss, even now, to present before you, as a warning, a character at whose sight I know your present feelings will revolt. This is the apostate—she who, having solemnly renounced the world and its vanities, with every sinful desire, and professedly dedicated herself to God, and pledged herself to obey his

laws by the most sacred vows, but who afterwards becomes vain in her imagination, light in her spirit, trifling in her pursuits, courting the praises which once she despised, feeding on the flatteries that once she abhorred, conformed to the world in its pleasures and practices—the reproach of the foolish, the scorn of the vicious, the contempt of the intelligent, the grief of the Christian, the burden of the church, the murderer of Christ, the unquestionable heiress of the miseries of hell!

To you who have been longer in the path of piety, I will say, add to every Christian grace, sacrifice to the calls of duty whatever may be required, and your light shall increase to the perfect day.

And are there any who have composed this school that have not resolved to give themselves to Christ? What shall I say to such? I weep to think there should be one name not enrolled in the book of life. I cannot but believe that every one has felt, in some degree, the spirit of conviction, and that some purposes have been formed to seek the Lord. I hope you will continue to think on these things, and though I cannot suppose that so favourable an opportunity will ever again present for you to embrace religion, yet while it is a day of grace, you may seek in expectation of finding.

In taking my leave, I must assure you I have had unusual satisfaction in my employment with you, and shall bear you in affectionate remembrance. And when I shall stand before the Judge of all, may I find forgiveness for every error inculcated, for every duty neglected. May I recognise you all among the congregation of the blessed, and there may we unite in triumphant hosannas to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever.

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